

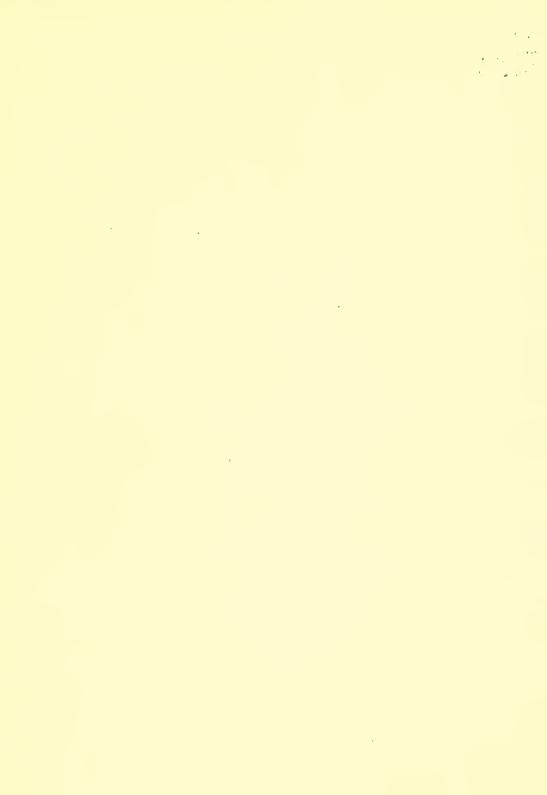
(APTIVE

MEMORIES

JAMES
TERRY
WHITE

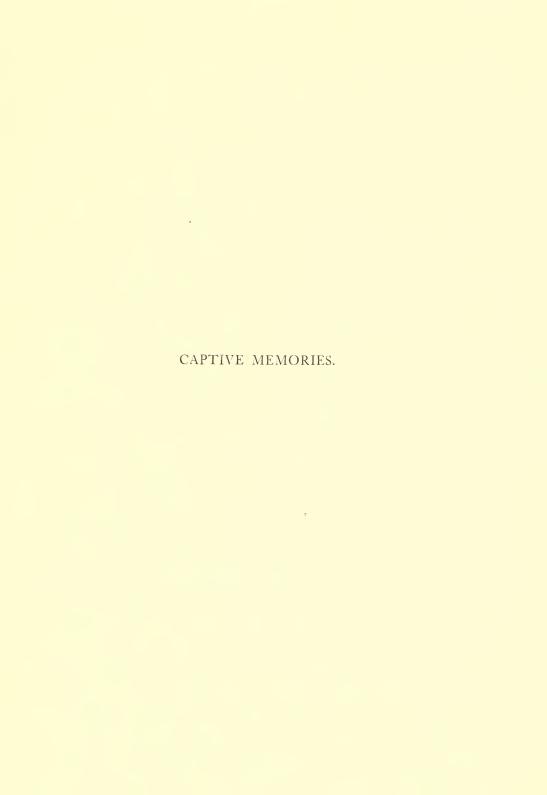


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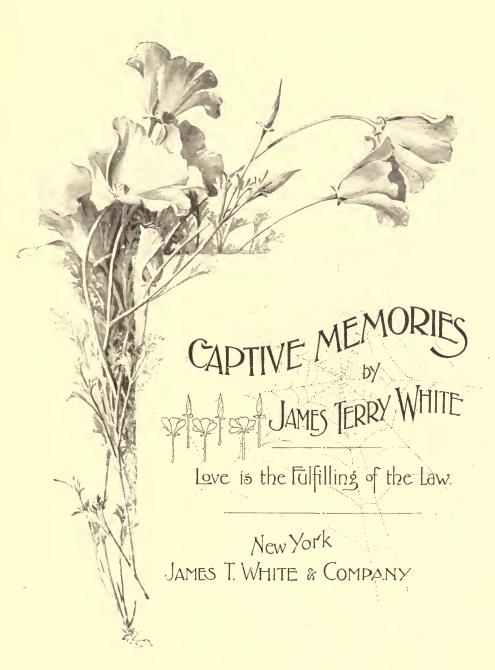














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INTRODUCTION.

EVERY heart has its anniversary days. It keeps some of them in the company of its friends, but many of them it keeps in its secret chamber alone,—save perhaps for the companionship of tears. But tears are the handmaidens of Joy as well as of Sorrow, and are often delightful companions. It is these unacknowledged anniversaries that are here commenorated.

But these anniversary Memories are more than merely commemorative; they lead the heart upward, step by step, through the various phases of human affection, from its delicious awakening, its tender avowal, its chastening farewell, its trusting "I wait," to heights of spiritual experience, from whose summits the spiritual sense looks over into the promised land of God's love, and perceives that Love is the all of life—and God.

These fragrant memories are Nature's lullabies, with which she smoothes her children's restless pillows, and sends them smiling to their final sleep. But they take flight at the noise and bustle of this work-aday world, and are reluctant to return, for all the heart's enticement.

It is the purpose of this little volume to prepare for these heart memories an abiding place, to which it may charm them back, and, perchance, betray them to captivity.

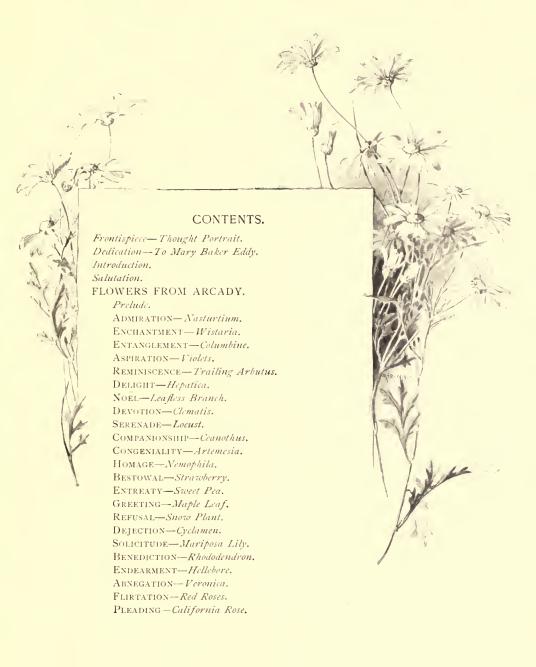


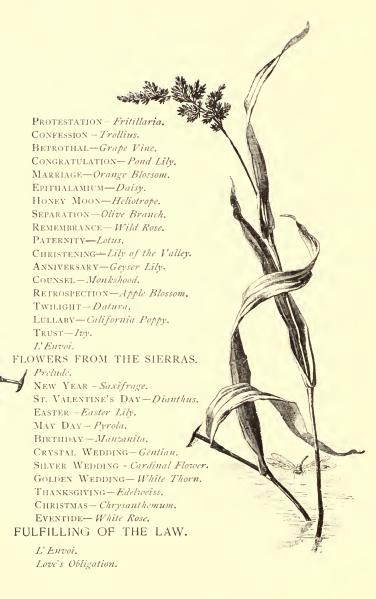
SALUTATION.

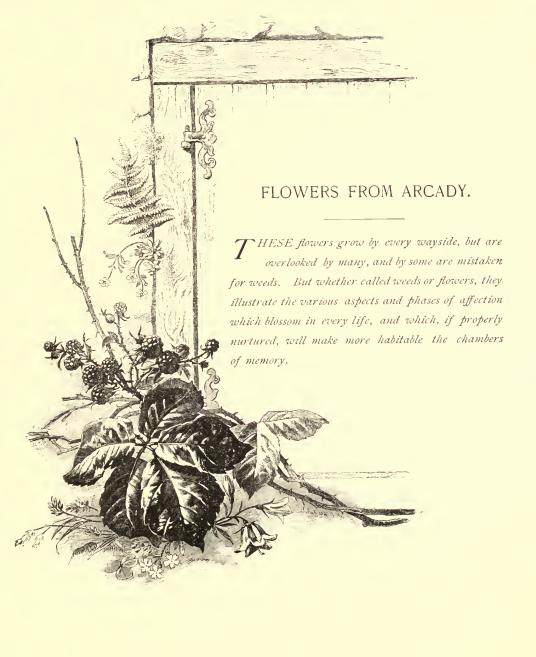
"Each heart recalled a different name, But all sang 'Annie Laurie."

A NOTHER leaf in life's mysterious Book
To-day is turned. O friend beloved, I leave
With you these humble flowers to mark the page,
If haply they may give a perfume to
The place which shall make fragrant all its leaves.

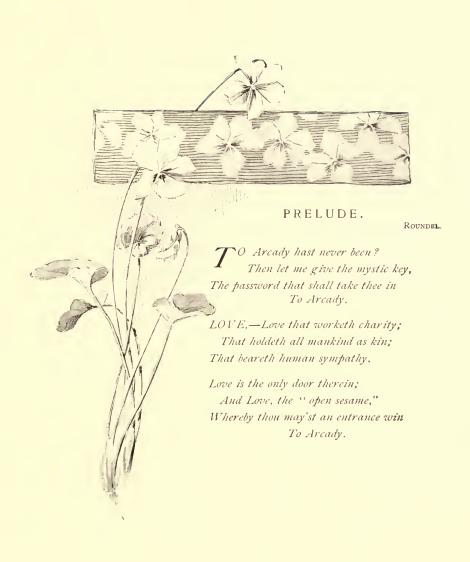




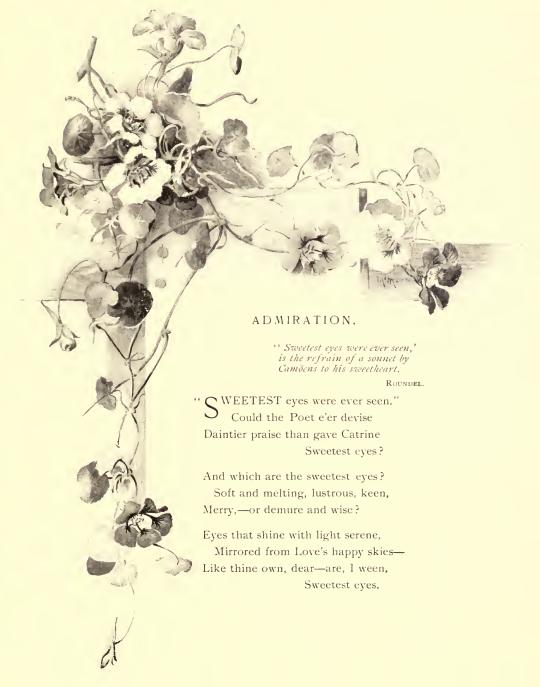


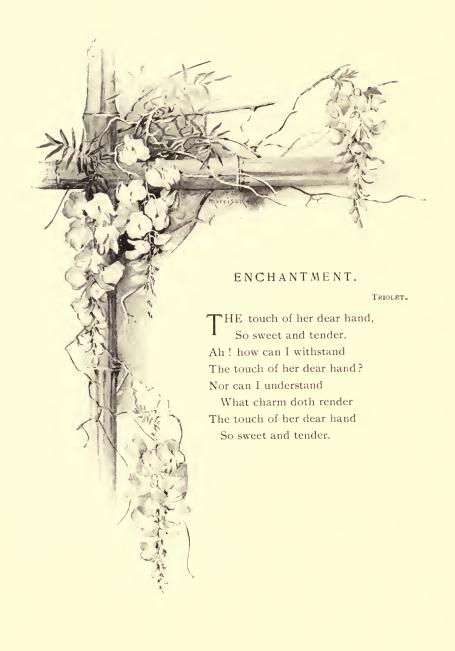


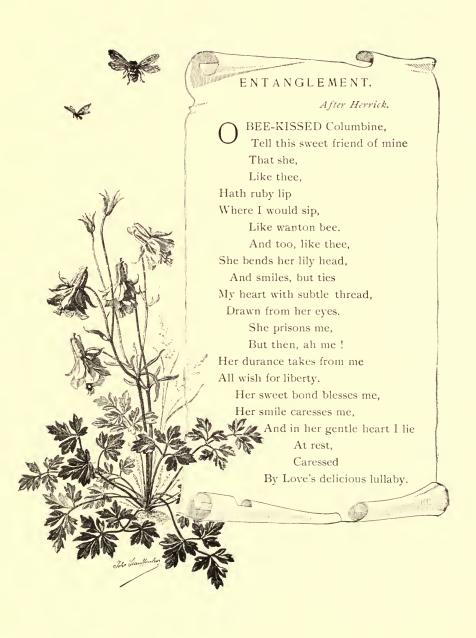




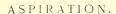




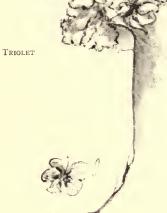




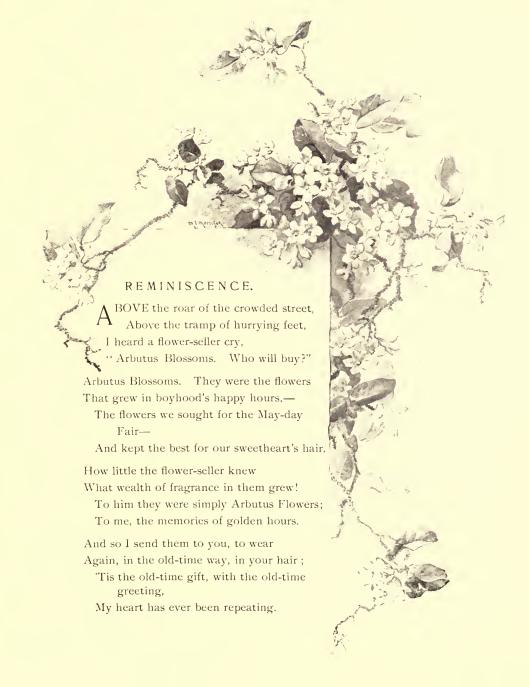




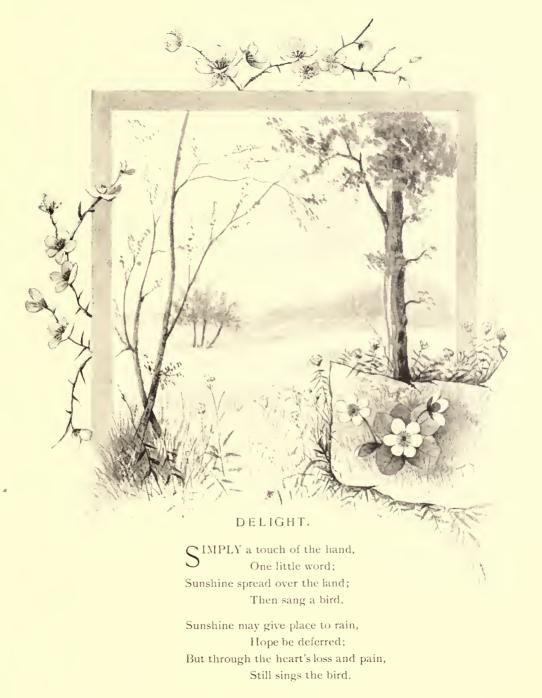
WOULD I were a violet
To lie on her breast.
Could I keep inviolate,
If I were a violet,
The secret that triolet
But partly confessed?
Would I were a violet
To lie on her breast.



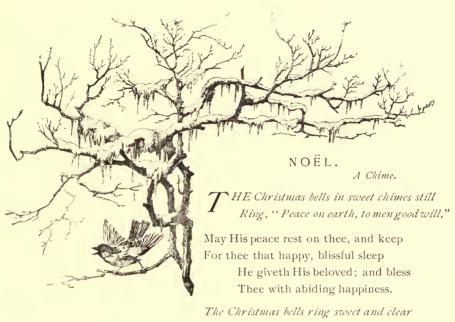












The loving thoughts of all the year.

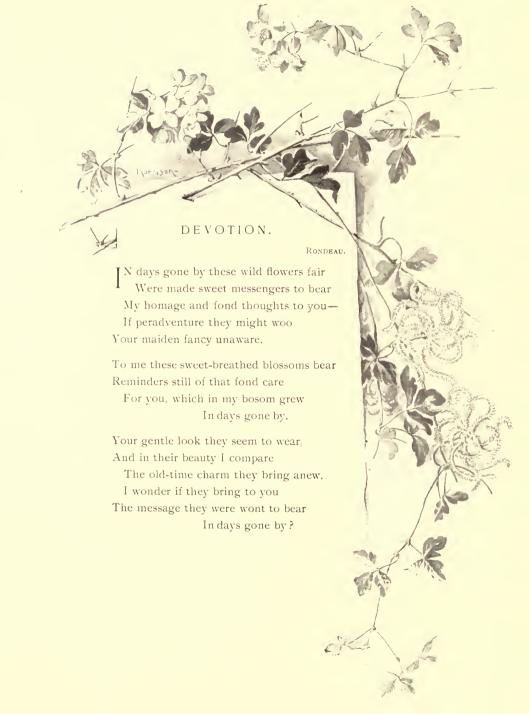
Dear friend, at "Merrie Christmas" time, This wish for thee comes with the chime Of Christmas bells, which bring to me Such sweet remembrances of thee.

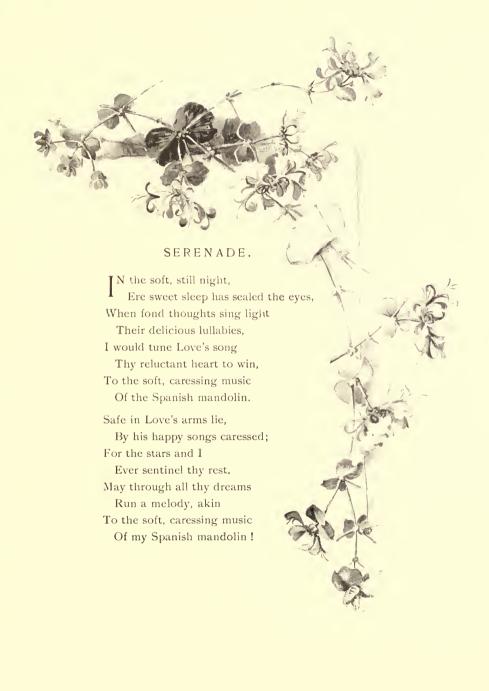
Ring out, ring out, O happy bells, The circling love Christ's birth foretells!

And waft to her the chimes that well From every belfry tower, and tell Her how my heart with love now swells, To hear again these Christmas bells.

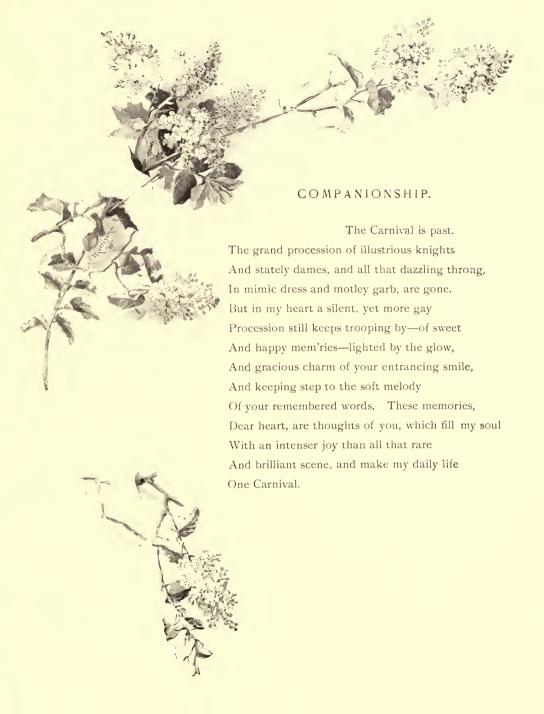
Ring out, sweet bells, the Peace that dwells Above, and love in us compels!

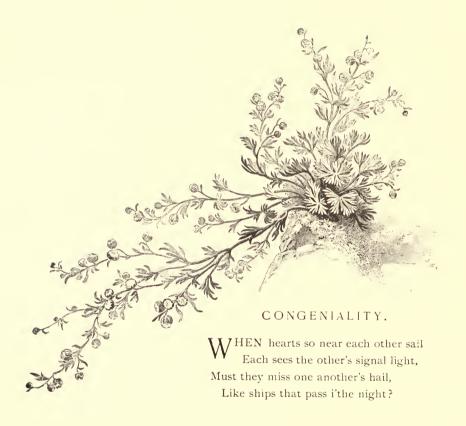
Tell her my thoughts can ne'er abide Apart from her at Christmas tide; But, like the Love the season tells, Enfold her heart, sweet Christmas bells!

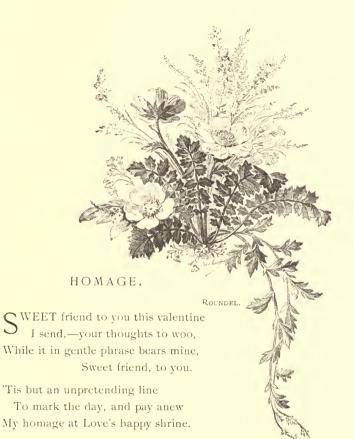












But why to-day send word or sign,
When every day and moment too,
My heart sends loving valentine,

Sweet friend, to you.



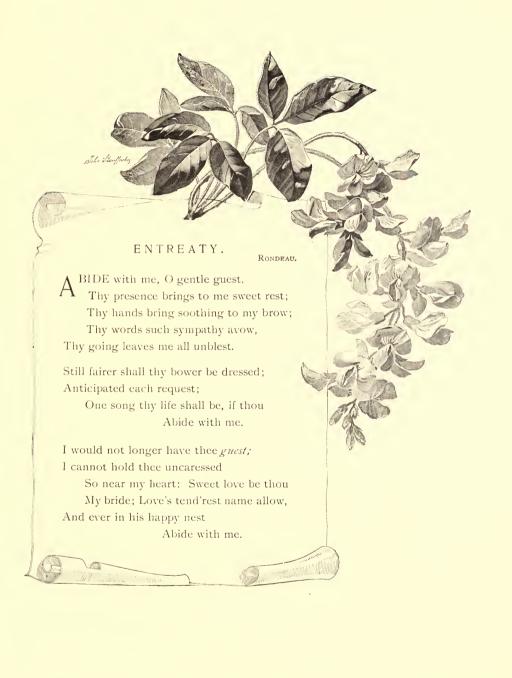
BESTOWAL.

RONDEAU.

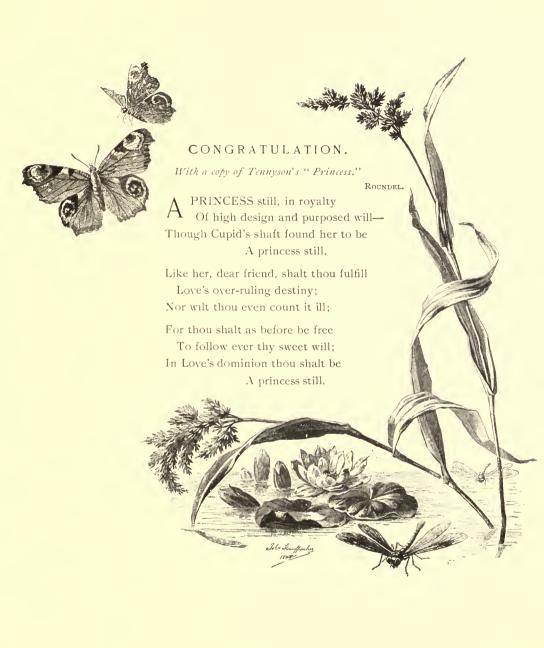
SUCH as I have give I to thee;
No stately epic fit to be
Sung for the world's approving ear;
No lullaby, to charm a tear
From wistful eyes that watch for me.

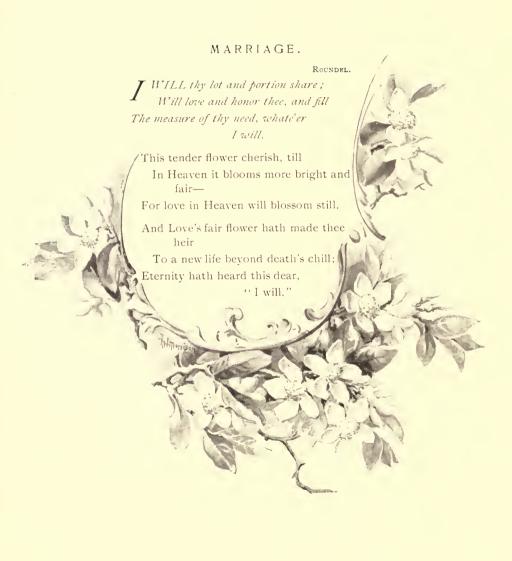
Simply a thought—but sent to thee
In daily benedicite—
That old-time thought—the best of, dear,
Such as I have,

But couldst thou know how tenderly
This constant thought enfoldeth thee,
The lengthening years would bring no fear,
However far, I would seem near,
And might, perchance, bring thoughts to thee
Such as I have.



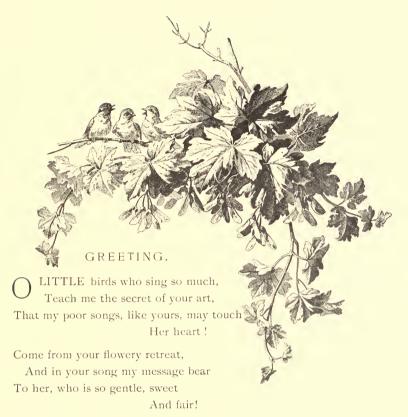












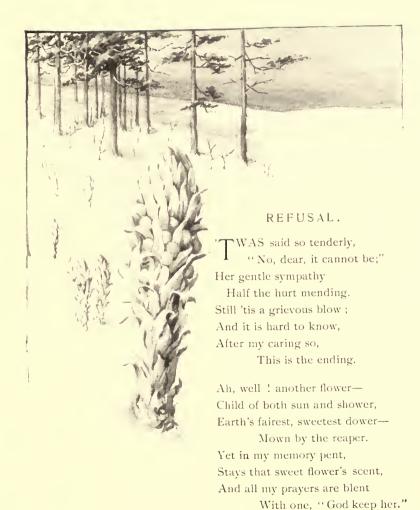
With sweetest songs, and pinions fleet,
Fly to her window far away,
And her reluctant ear entreat,

And say ;—

"We bear Love's greetings on our wings—
Fond wishes, that this day renew
The happy flowers Memory brings
To you:

"That their sweet fragrance e'er may bless
Your heart; charm all your tears away,
And bring you perfect happiness
For aye!"





DEJECTION.

ROUNDEL

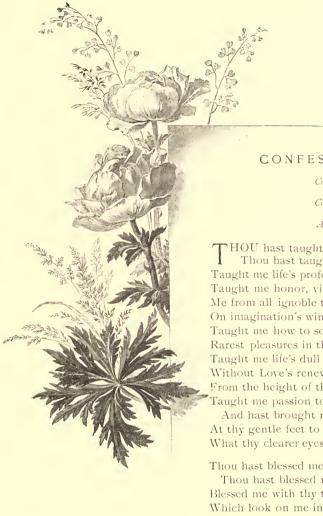
The Poet saith, "With dying sun
The world's light dies." But all things die
When love is done:—

Ambition's skies turn dark and dun; The birds of trustfulness fly by; Hope's blossoms wither one by one.

What does the world's praise signify?
Or, if its prizes may be won?
For me—I only wish to die

Joh Lauffasher

When love is done.



CONFESSION.

Can I teach thee, my beloved? Can I teach thee? Can I bless thee, my beloved? Can I bless thee ! Alas! I can but love thee.

Mrs. Browning.

THOU hast taught me, my beloved, Thou hast taught me: Taught me life's profounder meaning, Taught me honor, virtue-weaning Me from all ignoble things; On imagination's wings Taught me how to soar, and find Rarest pleasures in the mind; Taught me life's dull incompleteness, Without Love's renewing sweetness; From the height of thy pure soul Taught me passion to control; And hast brought me

At thy gentle feet to learn What thy clearer eyes discern.

Thou hast blessed me, my beloved, Thou hast blessed me: Blessed me with thy tender eves, Which look on me in such a wise My faint soul grows strong again, As the flowers after rain,

And they rest me, While they more and more enchain. Thou hast blessed me with thy words; Sweeter than the song of birds, They have soothed my weary brain, Banished every care and pain

That distressed me,

And a new strength put within me To resist delights that win me From the duty God commands. Thou hast blessed me with thy hands, Which have ever shared my toil, Heeding neither ache nor soil,

And caressed me,
Making all my burdens lighter,
And the sky of hope still brighter.
Dear hands—only made for smoothing
Restless pillows, and for soothing
Tired hearts—would they were mine
To have and hold by right divine!

Dost thou love me, my beloved?

Dost thou love me?

Thou whom I have from afar
Watched and worshipped, like a star

That above me

Shines, and yet may never know The blessing that its beams bestow? Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me And with happiest thoughts possessed me,

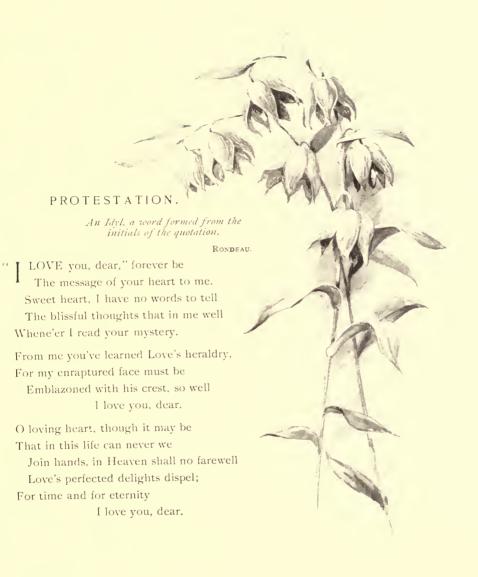
Dear, I love thee,

But to love me
Is the crowning of all blessing;
Making me by thy confessing
Rich beyond all power to measure;
Royal, crowned by thy sweet pleasure
Sovereign of a fair domain
I had hardly thought to gain.
Blessing honor, rest thou art,

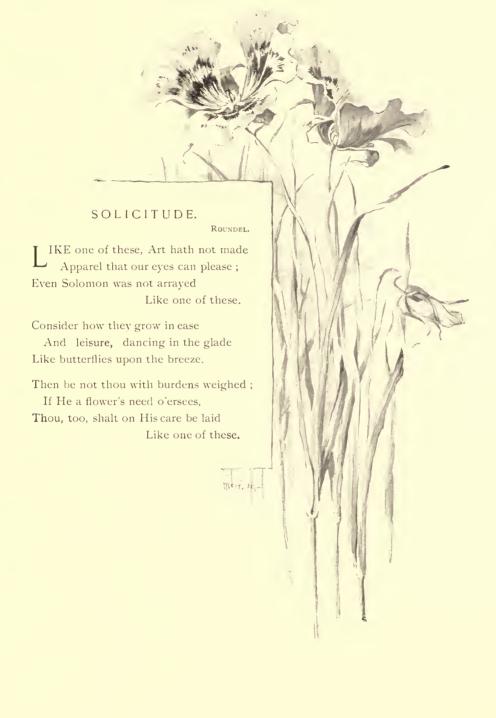
And with undivided heart,

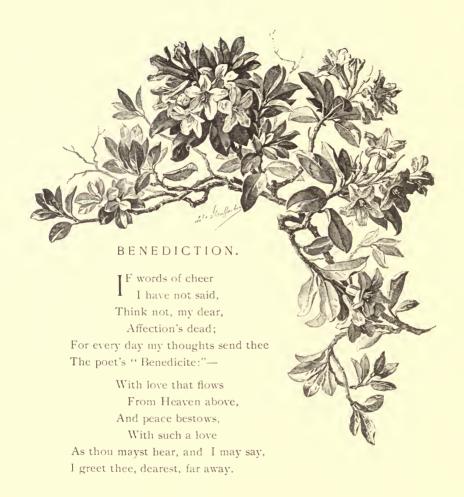
Love thee more than words can tell.
And I would that my caressing
Could bring thee as rich a blessing,

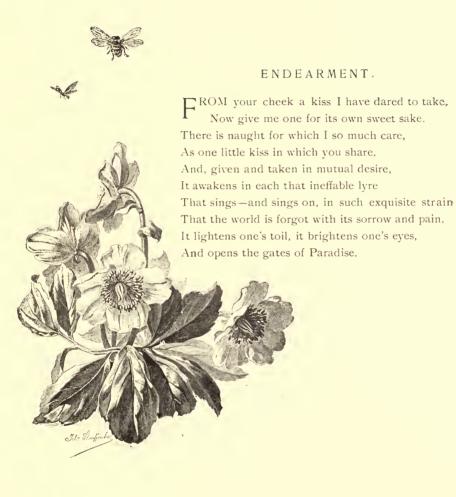
And forevermore compel Love's peace in thy heart to dwell.



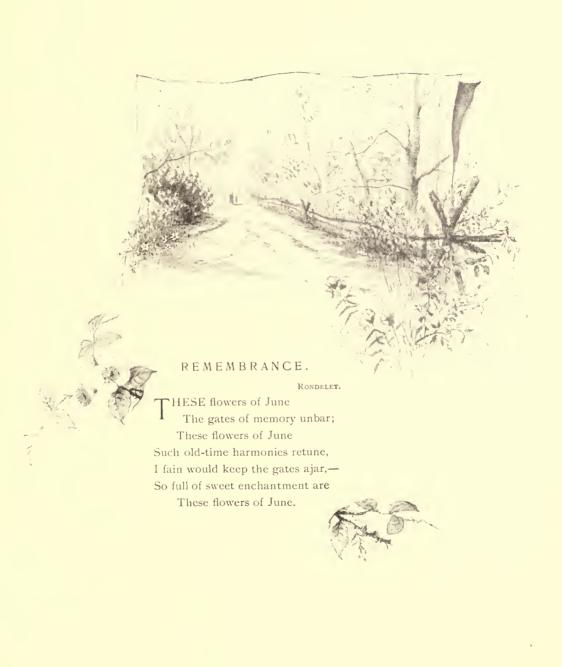




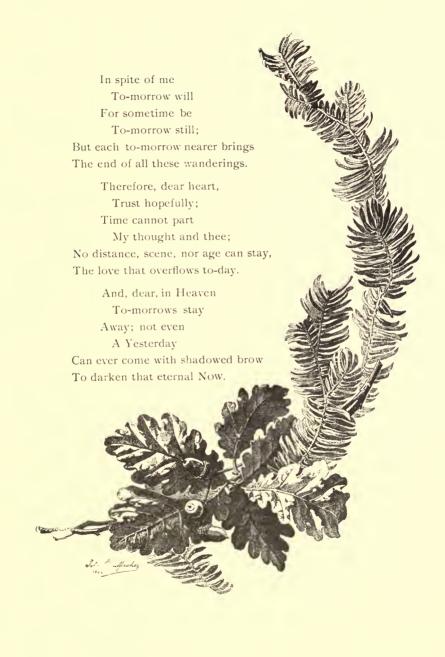










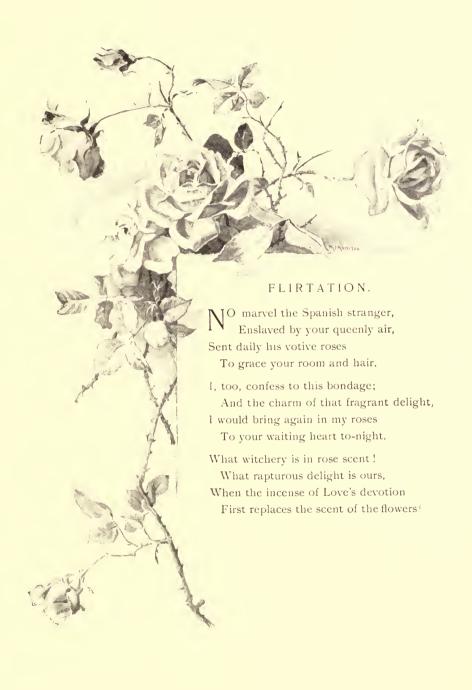


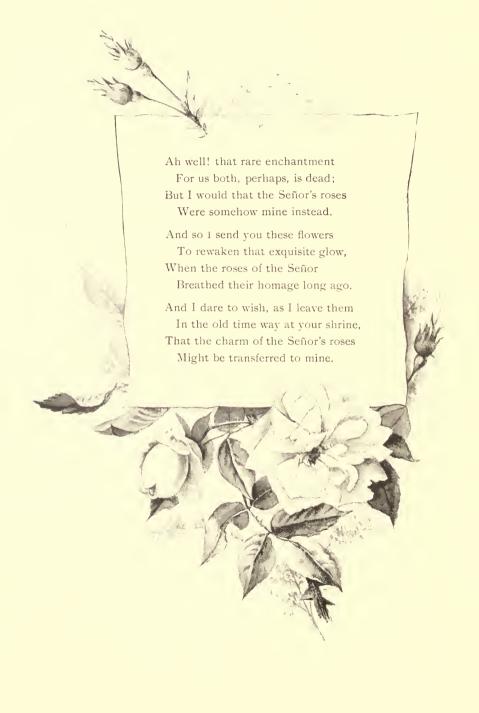


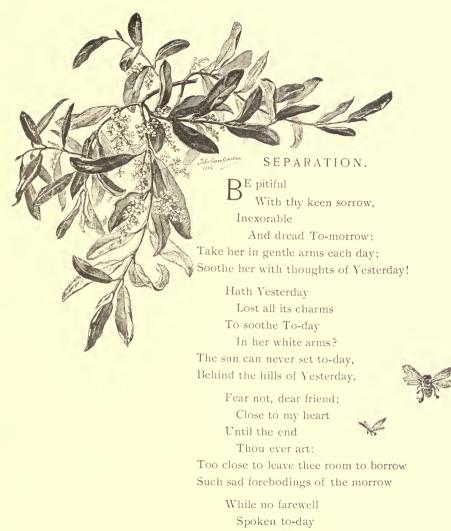
RONDRAIJ.

ABNEGATION. OR your dear sake my love would fain Forever have your heart remain As light and innocent and pure As when we met, and kept secure From every thought of wrong and stain. Though passion may my heart enchain, I will these errant thoughts restrain— Will every wayward wish abjure, For your dear sake. And, though the road lead through the rain Of tears, in striving to attain The goal above temptation's lure, My love this trial will endure-Will welcome every loss and pain, For your dear sake.



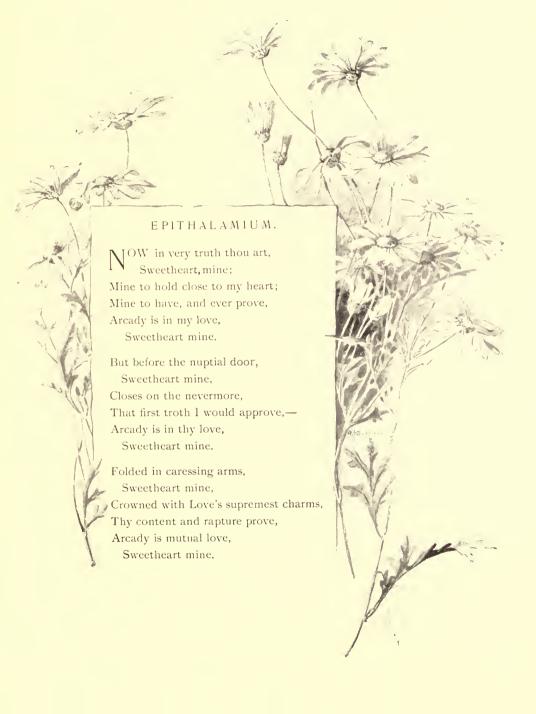


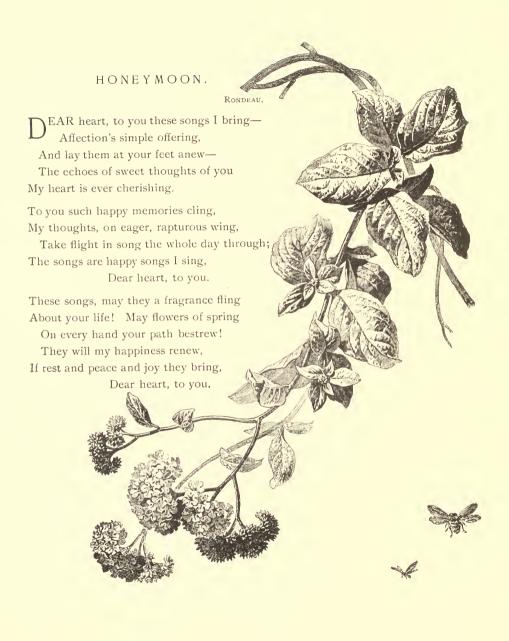


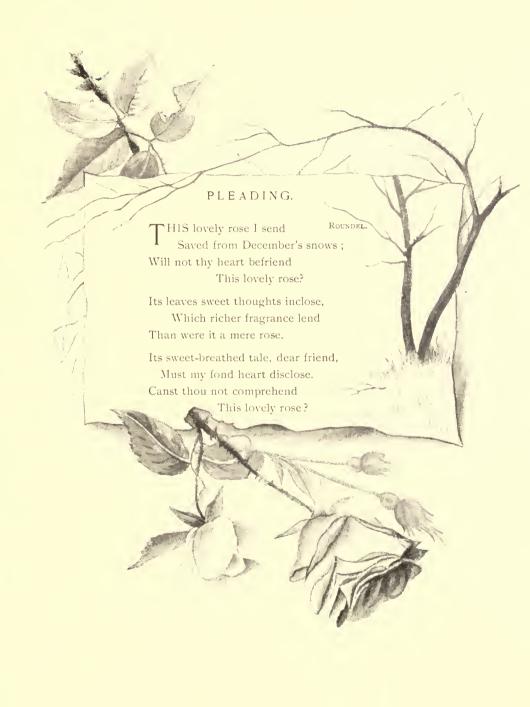


Can e'er dispel
Our yesterday,
On bended knees with thee I pray,
"Come back, come back, sweet Yesterday."

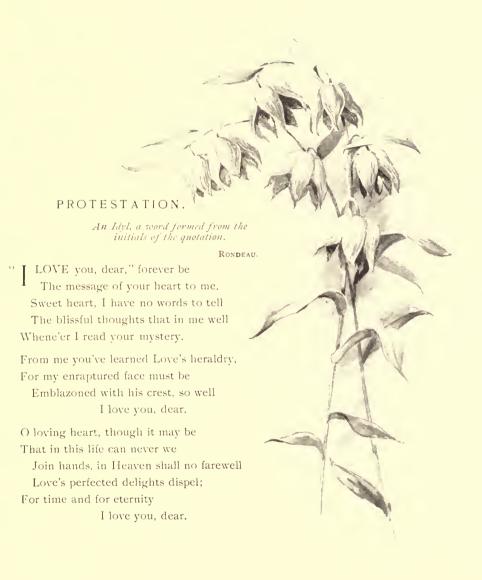




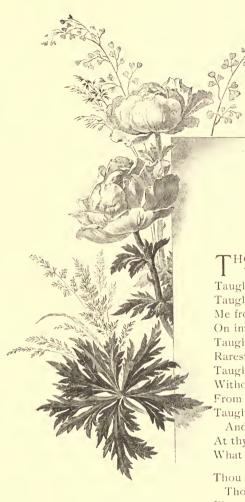












CONFESSION.

Can I teach thee, my beloved?
Can I teach thee?
Can I bless thee, my beloved?
Can I bless thee?
Alas! I can but love thee.

MRS. BROWNING.

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Taught me honor, virtue—weaning
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On imagination's wings
Taught me how to soar, and find
Rarest pleasures in the mind;
Taught me life's dull incompleteness,
Without Love's renewing sweetness;
From the height of thy pure soul
Taught me passion to control;

And hast brought me At thy gentle feet to learn What thy clearer eyes discern.

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And caressed me,
Making all my burdens lighter,
And the sky of hope still brighter.
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Restless pillows, and for soothing
Tired hearts—would they were mine
To have and hold by right divine!

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Dost thou love me?

Thou whom I have from afar

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That above me

Stings and yet may gover love.

Shines, and yet may never know. The blessing that its beams bestow? Thou hast taught me, thou hast blessed me. And with happiest thoughts possessed me,

But to love me
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Royal, crowned by thy sweet pleasure
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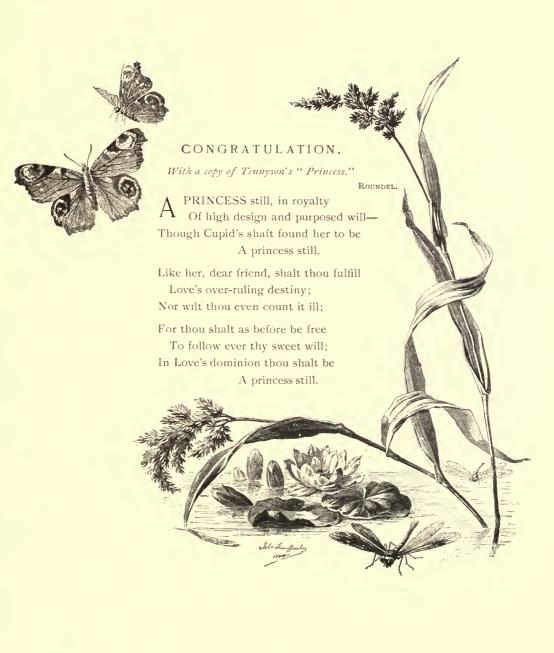
Dear, I love thee.

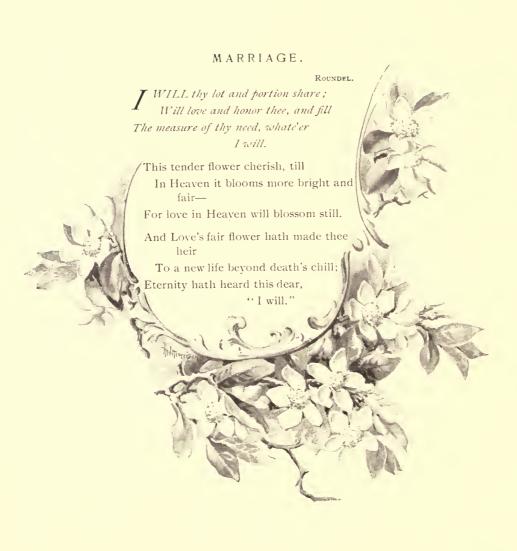
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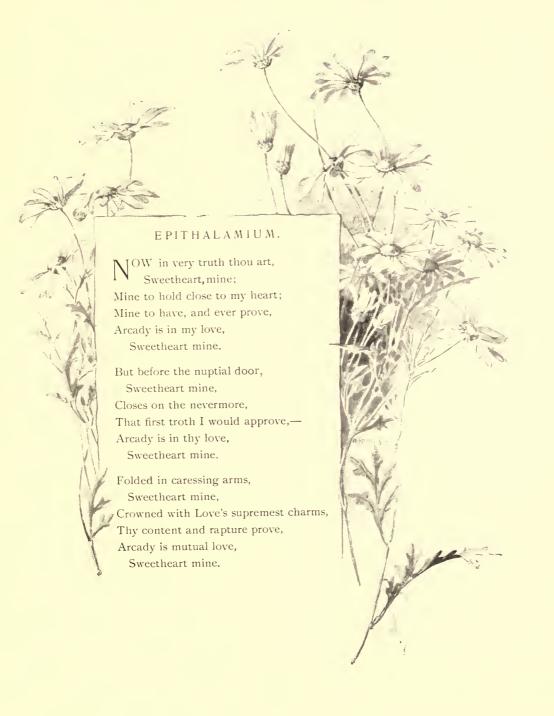
And forevermore compel Love's peace in thy heart to dwell.

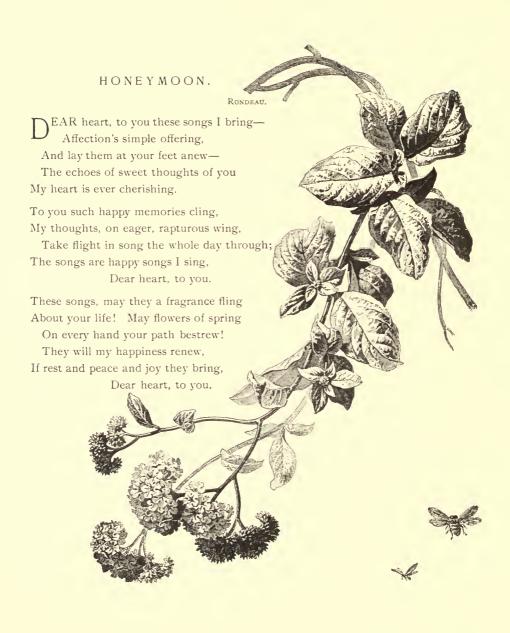


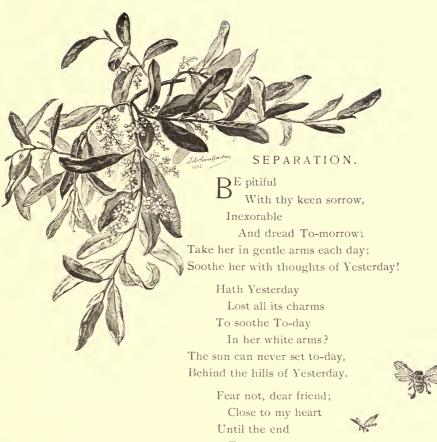










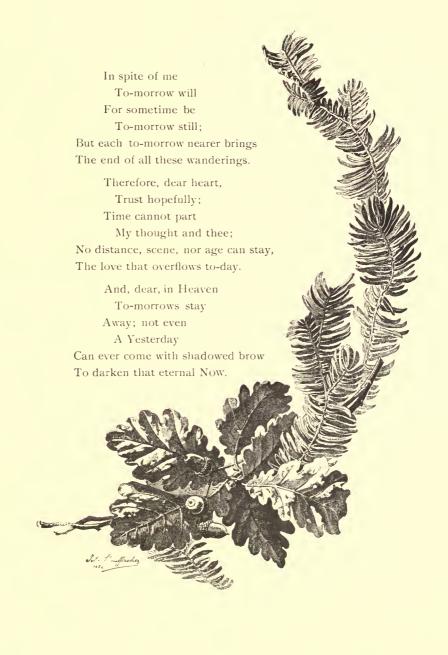


Thou ever art:

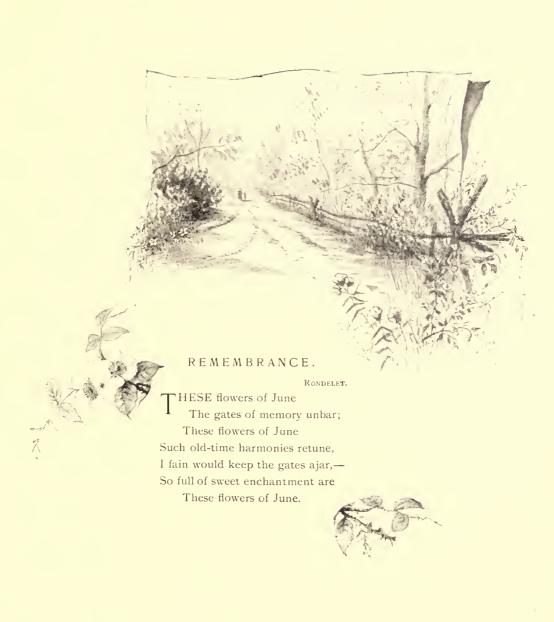
Too close to leave thee room to borrow Such sad forebodings of the morrow.

While no farewell
Spoken to-day
Can e'er dispel
Our yesterday,
On bended knees with thee I pray,
"Come back, come back, sweet Yesterday."

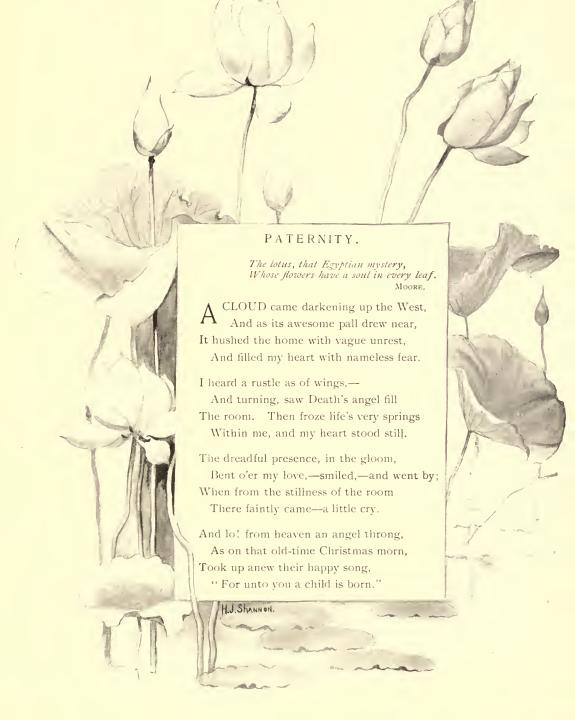


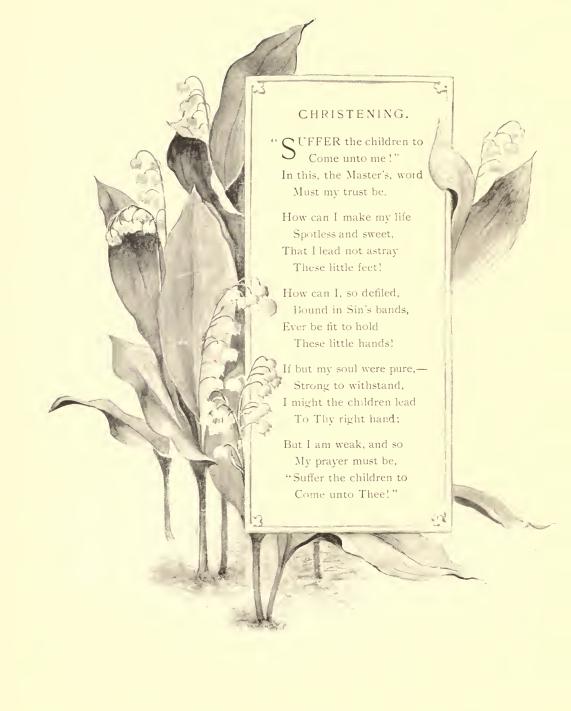


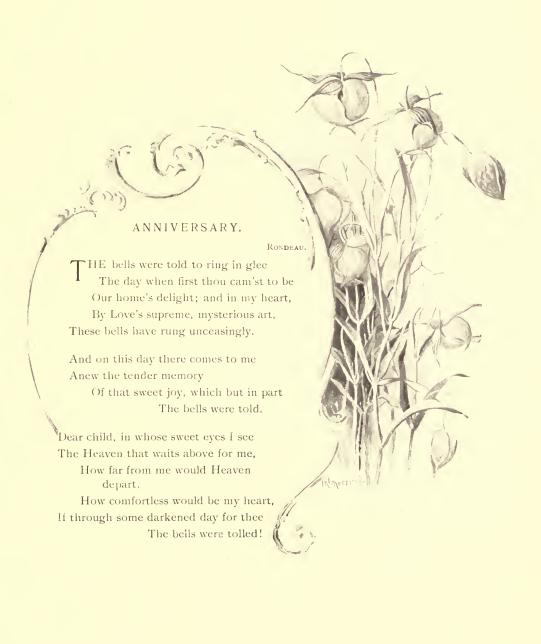














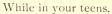
A Thirteenth Birthday,

ROUNDEL.

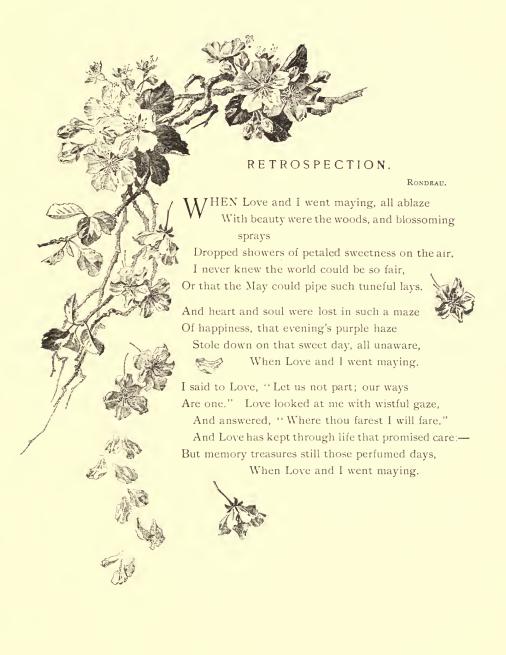
What part you'll play before Life's scenes: And childhood's faults you must correct, While in your teens.

Great things of you we all expect, In following where your talent leans; But this you only can direct.

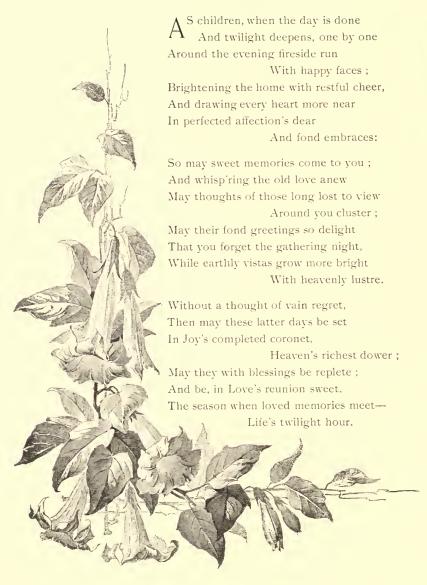
And you must try and not neglect Whate'er is given of helps and means: Mostly are you Life's architect,

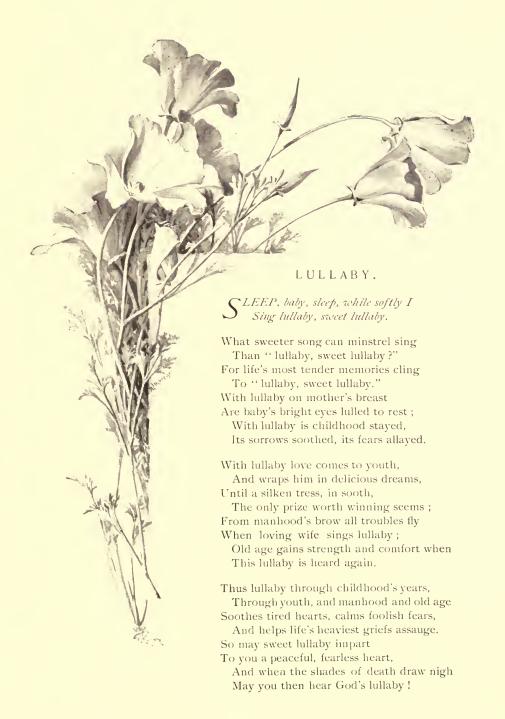






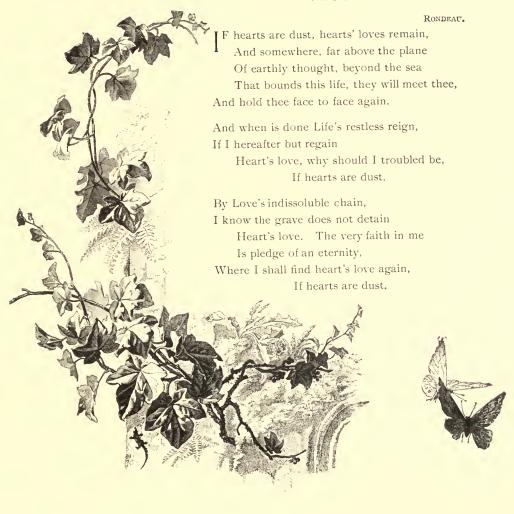
TWILIGHT.

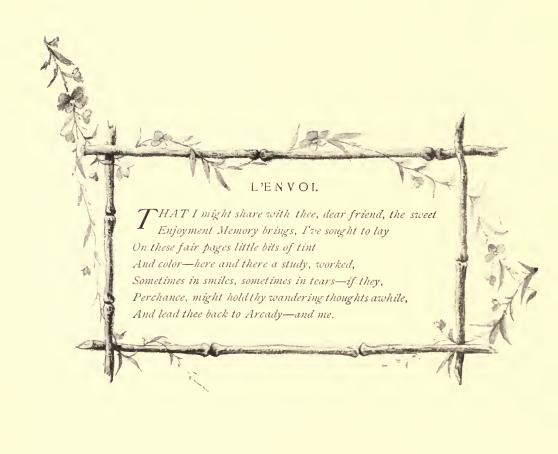


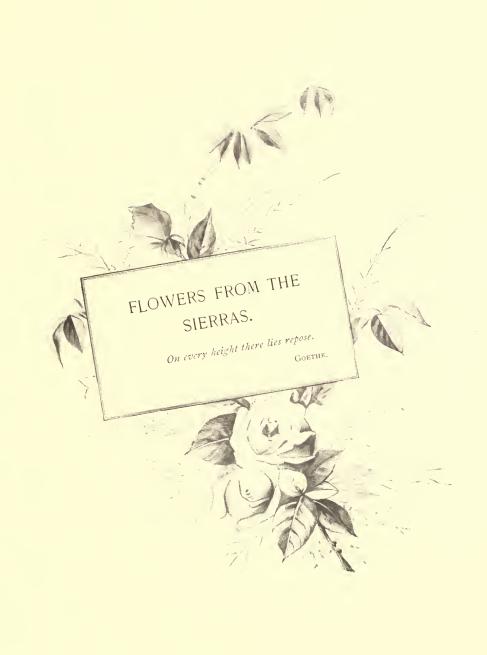




TRUST.









DEAR friend, though seen by other eyes, Your heart must read through all disguise,

What tender meaning underlies
This Festal Greeting.

For you these humble flowers grow;
To you their sweet-breathed greetings go—
The message you already know

Once more repeating.





ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

MY Valentine is old and worn,

Its freshness lost, its fragrance shorn;

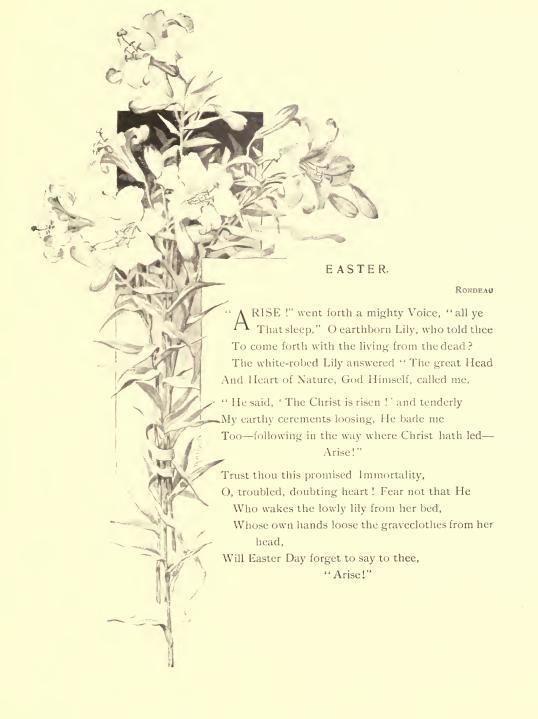
But still it holds some little part

Of the warm love within my heart.

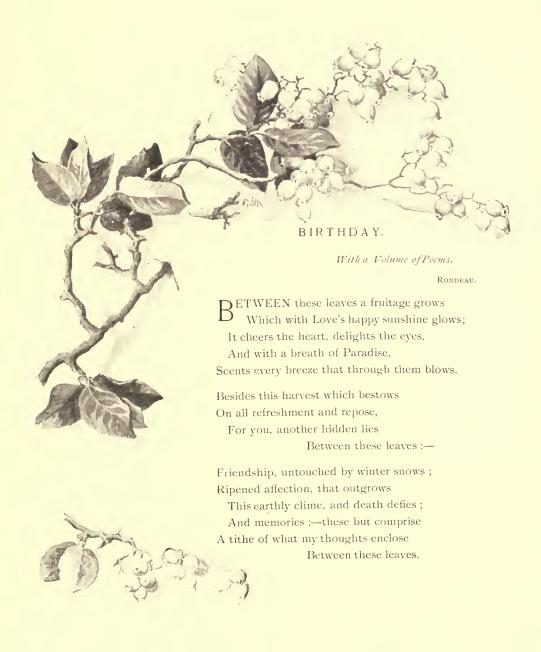
What matters if its perfumed dress
Has lost its pristine daintiness;
The words, though old, are ever new
That bear the message, "I love you."

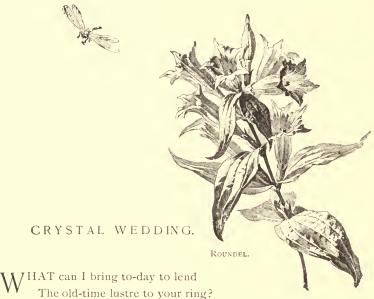






MAY DAY. A S over the ledger's wearisome page On this bright May morn I pore, A faint but delicious fragrance seems To steal in at the open door. This phantom fragrance dimly recalls Some pleasure that erstwhile I've known; I remember all its bewitching charm, But the time and the scene are flown. Perhaps 'tis a breeze from Arbutus flowers, That is wafted from far-away hills, Or, is it some dear remembrance of home The alembic of absence distills? Or, is it the glove that once lay on my arm, So happy, confiding and dear? It perfumed my heart with its exquisite scent, And I kissed it, it was so near. Or, is it the rose on her bosom worn? Ah me! that fragrance divine Came more from her womanly grace than the rose, As I pressed her sweet lips to mine. This fugitive breath that comes from the Past Eludes all attempts to recall: Unless—perhaps—there it comes again; Ah! now I remember it all. It is neither from hills, nor glove, nor rose; 'Tis a Maytime we both once knew-A memory, dear heart, of the exquisite charm Of Love's sweet Springtime—and you.





The old-time lustre to your ring:
That will these twenty years commend,
What can I bring?

Dear wife, I have no offering, Except these simple verses, penned, Perchance, for your mind's pleasuring;

And my true, faithful love, to tend
Your need, as *genie* of your ring;
And more than this, my sweet life-friend,
What can I bring?



SILVER WEDDING.

ROUNDEL.

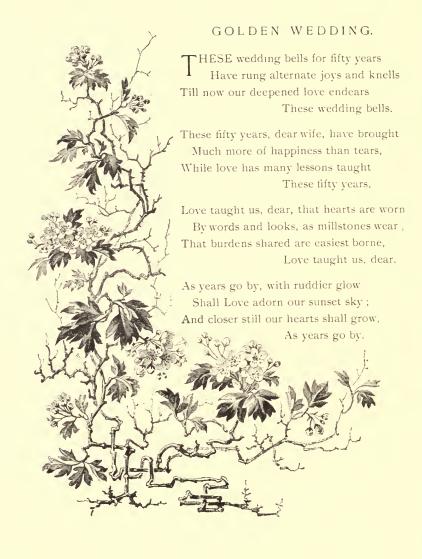
TS silver lining proves there must,
Behind the cloud, be sunlight shining;
So love still shines, though cares incrust
Its silver lining.

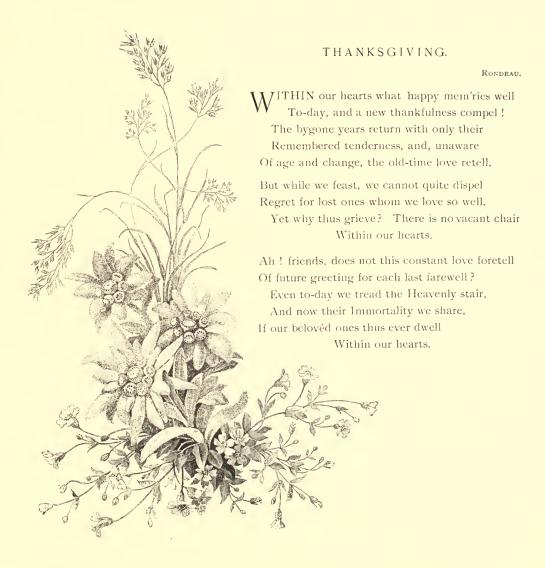
Have thou no fear of love's declining!

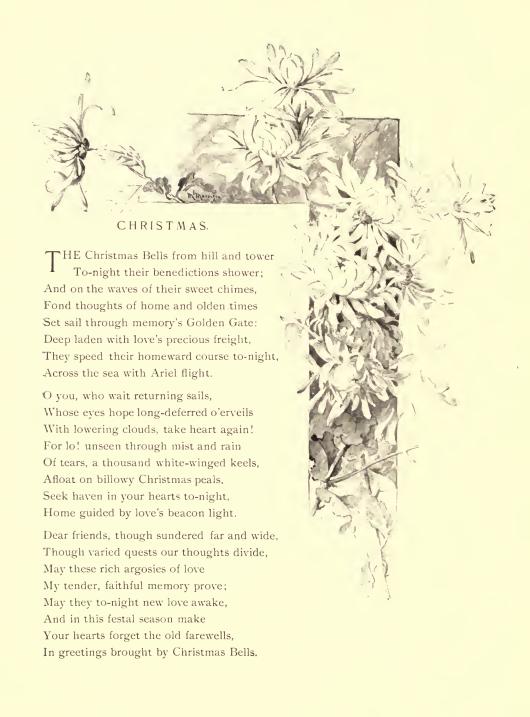
This quarter century of trust

Our homely ways has been enshrining;

And all the while, from dross and rust,
A purer love has been refining,
Till we can never more distrust
Its silver lining.









EVENTIDE.

RONDEAU.

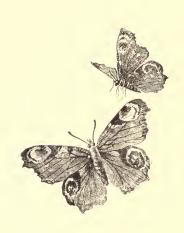
'AT eventide there shall be light."
Why should I ever fear the night?
God's love and constant care attest,
He will not suffer me, His guest,
To thread the dark without a light.

The light of life is Love; and quite Content am I, if but Love might

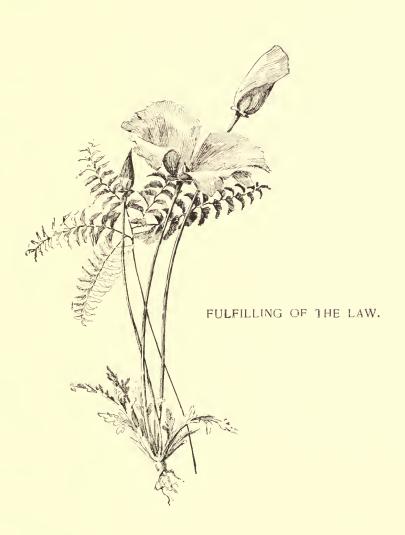
Be near, when I lie down to rest,

At eventide.

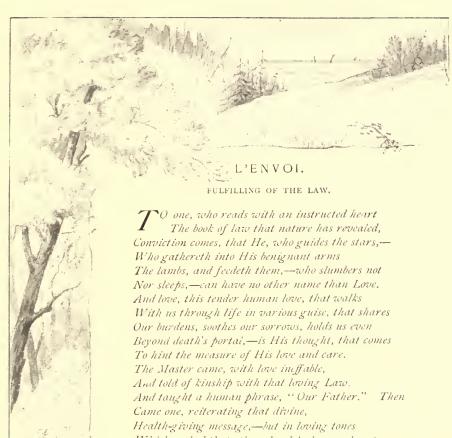
And Love, if we but read aright,
Is God, who is the Light of Light.
What fear have I from Love's behest,
When Love through life hath made me blest?
That Love, I trust will be my light,
At eventide.



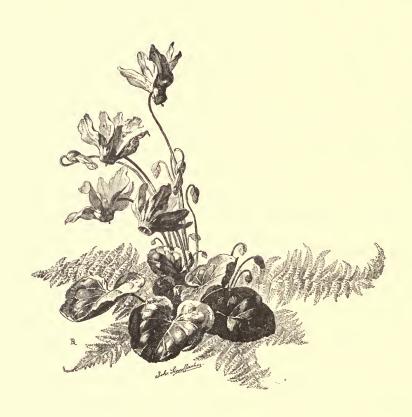


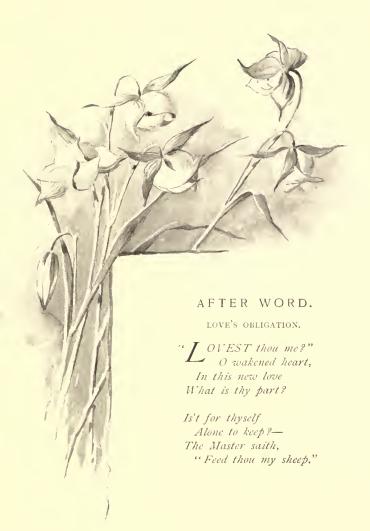






Our burdens, soothes our sorrows, holds us even
Beyond death's portal,—is His thought, that comes
To hint the measure of His love and care.
The Master came, with love ineffable,
And told of kinship with that loving Law,
And taught a human phrase, "Our Father." Then
Came one, reiterating that divine,
Health-giving message,—but in loving tones
Which waked that other chord in human hearts.
That vibrates only to the tender name
Of "Mother,"—who affirmed identity
Of soul with God, demonstrated the power
Of spirit, and bore witness in herself.
That Love is the fulfilling of the Law.
In Love she realized Divinity,
And straightway from that loving presence, taught
That Love is all in ali,—in Whom we live
And move and have our being; Love, the Way,
The Truth, the Life in earth as well as Heaven.









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